WOODWIND

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Robyn Johnson-Ross

woodwind

volume 1
number 2

These are the people who made the second issue

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Steve Whealton
Che
Ernie Hawkins
John Zambetti
Steve Schultz
David Watt
Pat Patterson
Carla
Ruth Stenstrom
Mark Loewinger
Richard Harrington
Valentina DuBasky (GRAPHICS)
and others for
little things

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$11 for two years

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SPECIAL THANKS TO THE FOLLOWING:
The Sign of Jonah, for lending us some money when we were very desperate
To the bands who have given their time and talent at our occasional benefits-Claude Jones, Grin, Crank, Wide Load, and Stillroven
and the Yorktown Experimental Light and Sound Laboratories, for visual beauty

Hi again.

This is our second issue. Some people might have been confused by the notation "2nd Issue" on the cover of our first issue. That was done partially to confuse people, but we're not sure exactly why. Anyways, it was the first issue.

We now hope to be able to appear every two weeks, regularly. We want to thank everybody for their response to the paper, it will certainly make us work harder for an ever better paper.

We still have no money and very few of the supplies we need, so any help in those areas is still very much appreciated. If anyone with sufficient funds available could contemplate a long term loan, we would very much like to be in contact (if interested, contact Richard Harrington, managing editor), at 5123 MacArthur Boulevard, NW. (please write)

People who have ideas, material, etc. they would like us to see or know about can write to us at the same address. If this paper has a general purpose, it is to bring people together through the arts, to create an optimistic sense of community and communication. We think it will work.

poetry by CHE'

comes
if it must
all of it
being because,
in the night
with city lights
breathing
the cold
kiss
poem
in pearl
autumn
moon written,
comes
if it must
came
and it was
riding
a mistery white
with good eyes
and feet
walking the earth.

will come
well came
clad
in a hexagram
lost,
disguised
in time's years,
naked of fears
that kidnapped
him
her
and their ghost

comes
if it shall
whatever
the song,
whatever
the mind
i am
in,
sketching
on canvas
of sky,
went
with feet
touching
the earth
and naked
good
eyes.

i've seen us all
sharing spice and strumming string,
faces by the fire before.

i've seen us grow
like sapli ngsor like thirst
from the cracks of unsung ruins
our fathers dreamt and soon forgot.

i've worn the old rag on the head,
written my poems barefoot,
fought for the cause, hustled for the cure,
shook hands with the gods
over a table of cards
and cleared it to make room for the meal.

beside some of us all
i've woken the morning
and with some of others
i've blinded the day
and cried out for no sound to disturb it.

i've become reconciled or maybe forgetful
with many of us all, yes, i'll hand you a flower
come this next spring
and whisper the words
that you never quite heard
when the thought of our hunger was smiling.

i've worn out the grave
in the side of the hill
where i wanted to rot
as carrion for birds;
to fill up their bellies
sharpen the beaks
and hasten their wings
to where i would have flown.

i tried making it rain
to flow to the sea,
to be wept on a shore
leaving said in the sand,
for us all that might find,
how i loved us and how tired
the waiting had been.

i've played flute to the ashes
and hunted the trash of the alley
for the wind or the eyes of a woman
to gift me what moment it is
and free it and sweep it away
from the noise of just words.

l've remembered us all
and once even wondered
how more there could be.

she came in dance
of falling leaves,
the chariot dreaming
to a halt

eyes of blue
mouth of pearl,
then spurred
then galloped
riding
high
steed of purple
sundown
swift

the devil
dropped by to greet,
chariot turned to silver
as the river
turned to stone
and the steed
her gallop faster
shed a feather
raven
black

a pause
a breath
to
catch
then soar again
the chariot turned
to clouds
as the river turned
to flesh
eyes
the gleam
of
star

ivory
neck
to gaze
saphire
chain
of raindrops
my chariot's cry
the earth
one
turn
too
much
touched
i have
the sky.

luz de bombills
y calle metal
poesía aún
hoy día hay escrita.
galopes the humo
de noche marchita,
las estrellas casi
no se ven.
viene viniédose
la mañana temprana,
temprana la calva
cabeza murió
y dejó en su mundo
un lecho y un piso,
una cruz de madera
y mucho papel.

SOMETHING OLD

BUSBY BERKELEY AT THE KEY
by Stephen Allen Wheaton

William Berkeley Enos, born in 1895, represents the pinnacle of a familiar and quite vigorous popular-arts commodity, the gigantic movie musical production. I suspect that everyone has seen at least one of Berkeley's dance sequences, and they represent in the mind of many an extreme of decadence, or of camp. Busby Berkeley, as Mr. Enos called himself, did more than artistic conventions to extremes. There is more to his dance sequences than excess, decadence or opulence. There is creative genius, originality, and an undeniable flow of commanding images. It is easy to imagine hating Busby Berkeley's dances, but it is hard to imagine finding them bland and uninteresting.

Two of Berkeley's best examples in film form are being shown at the Key Theater until March 11. One, Gold Diggers of 1935, was directed by Berkeley in its entirety. The other, Footlight Parade, was directed by Lloyd Bacon, but the dance numbers were created and staged by Busby Berkeley. These two movies are particularly good examples of Berkeley. In each, Dick Powell's singing and the comedic efforts of Frank McHugh and Hugh Herbert are quite effective on their own terms. Acting and story are of completely minimal interest in each film. The music, the dancing, the sets, the technology and, perhaps unexpectedly, the cinematic technique, all provide the reasons for seeing the two films. A review of the films should concentrate on these aspects.

In Footlight Parade, the film's story builds up to a climax--the successful mounting of three dance numbers. James Cagney plays the designer of these three numbers, and stars (by last-minute replacement) in one of them. The first one, featuring the song "By a Waterfall," uses a large pool with glass sides, and the cinematic flow of images is meshed to the music with an abstraction and power which seems at times to be too strong for mere musical doodling. Scenes of girls sliding down waterfalls in a complex geometric pattern, and then swimming and dancing in a similarly mind-boggling sequence of shapes and movements, make Berkeley's films almost surreal. The mere size of the set and number of people involved seems, in 1970, to be so unreal as to press its strangeness into one's consciousness.

In Gold Diggers of 1935, Berkeley's own favorite number out of all his many films, provides the highlight of the Key's double feature show. Wini Shaw sings "The Lullabye of Broadway" and Berkeley's camera makes fantasies upon this theme without limiting itself to dancers. Not only do his 60 girls and 60 men do geometric appositions and rhythmic undulations, but objects, peoples' hands, and even the shapes which pass in front of the camera as Berkeley edits his film contributions. It is certainly a thoroughly filmic presentation, with a very strong emphasis upon effects which couldn't possibly be attempted on stage. The rhythm of film editing, then, adds to Berkeley's total effect as well as the rhythms and and geometries of his dancers.

These two films are soaked in the ephemeral ethos of their day--the everyday folk-unwisdom of the early Depression era. They functioned as escape entertainment for a world full of persons who were poor, miserable, and worried. The aspirations of these wishful thinkers are clearly spelled out by Berkeley in musical and cinematic forms. The content of the films is funny, dated, and quite questionable by enlightened liberal social standards of the 1970's. If stories about trivial people and their trivial problems will enrage you, avoid these two movies. If you can stand to watch the dumb love scenes and dumb jokes, however, see them, for the Berkeley dance numbers make them worthwhile. They takes themselves seriously, and they make the very best kind of camp. They are extremely well-executed and they exhibit Berkeley's very high sophistication and creativity. I enjoyed them.

Dear Michael Webb,

The latest choice of films by the AFI for series showing seem to reflect a growing conservatism in choice. In a Western series, we are made to suffer through Shane, an over-rated film that is all too accessible already. We are fed Stagecoach and Rio Bravo. But where are the innacessible, and truly important Westerns? Where is Sam Peckinpah's Ride the High Country (Guns in the Afternoon)? It was one of the best films of 1962 and one of the best Westerns ever. Where is the unique and compassionate Lonely Are the Brave? Or Howard Hawks' Red River? or the best work of John Sturges, Gunfight at OK Corral? The Searchers by John Ford and Robert Aldrich's Vera Cruz? I realize there is a time problem, but surely we could have been treated to some of these great films? Perhaps we meed some reassurance that the AFI will continue to present films that we might not otherwise see, that it will not become a wide-screen Late Show; and that it will find its directions through the film community rather than high society. signed

Robert Andrews

Re: Mr. Robert Andrews letter on the American Film Institute Theatre

Dear Sirs:

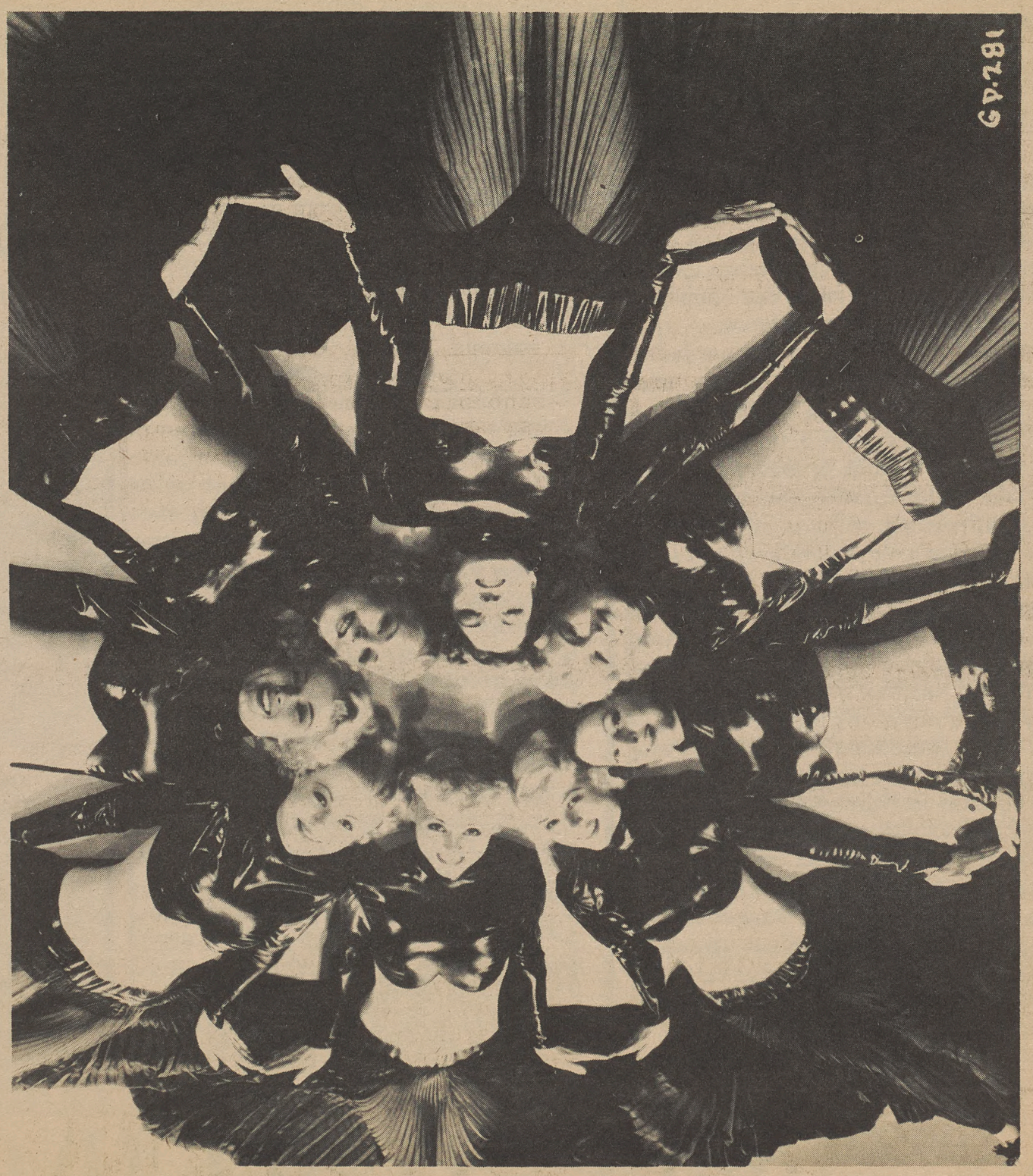
Methinks Robert Andrews doth protest too much.

We don't apologize for including SHANE, STAGECOACH, and RIO BRAVO. They're fine films and even if they have been screened many times on television, that's no substitute for seeing them uninterrupted on the screen for which they were made. Also, we have balanced these "establishment" choices with Penn's THE LEFT-HANDED GUN and Boetticher's RIDE LONESOME, and we had originally hoped to whow Peckinpah's BALLAD OF CABLE HOGUE. Mr. Andrews makes no mention of the really off-beat choices--WILD AND WOOLLY, a marvelously funny Fairbanks take-off; TUMBLEWEEDS, with the greatest star of '20's westerns, W. S. Hart; and best of all, THE VANISHING AMERICAN, which despite its melodramatic overtures and a monumental cop-out at the end, puts the Indian case more convincingly than any film made before the late '50's.

We intend to go on showing a mixture of established and unfamiliar titles. We wanted, and have succeeded in attracting an audience that ranges widely in interests and age, and our forthcoming programs reflect this. In April we are showing a collection of new American and European features, hardly any of which have been shown before in Washington, plus a week of Japanese cinema. In May we are screening two weeks of Paramount films ranging from 1920 - 1950, all of which are out of current circulation. And, in June, a week of Canadian films and a tribute to Orson Welles.

As soon as we have the time, we would be delighted to run another week of westerns which will certainly include many of the titles Mr. Andrews mentions.

Yours sincerely,
Michael Webb
Film Programming Manager


GD.781

SOMETHING NEW

For several reasons, Frederick Wiseman is the most important film-makers in America today. His style is that of the documentary, a style that nevertheless provides us with far greater drama and excite ment than the most well-thought-out Hollywood product. Two of his four films are now on view at the Biograph: (His other two films are "Hospital" and "Titicut Follies") High School and Law and Order.

Wiseman has the art of cinema-verite developed to its most honest extreme. While none of the films becomes didactic, they all share one common factor - an incredible empathy and understanding on the part of Wiseman.

For High School, Wiseman went to Philadelphia's North East High School and spent two months recording the common realities of one of our cherished institutions. What emerged was a frightening unveiling of what most had suspected all along - high schools are hustling graveyards that relentlessly destroy individuality and replace it with discipline.

Incident after incident reinforces this theme. A Dean of Discipline smilingly berates a innocent student into accepting an undeserved detention: "We're out to establish that you're a man and can take an order. It's a question of how we follow rules and regulations." A girl who has worn too short a dress to a dance is similarly hassled into blurting out her apology; "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to be individualistic."

Apathy and boredom, existential resigantion are the predominant emotions. There are efforts at communication between students and some teachers. One English teacher uses the sounds of Simon and Garfunkel to arouse her lethargic students. The attempt is at best only partially successful.

The film is a pastiche of scenes, some funny, most recognizable, too many sad. What we recognize we tend to instill with a false charisma, denying the valid critical observations because of our involvement with this system in the past. In a sense, then, this film is a better education than our actual high school experience. For Wiseman's eye -camera is the eye of truth, and if we let ourselves be unnafected by these truths, then what hope is there?

Those who go to Law and Order and expect to see a vicious expose of the police system will be dissapointed. The film is an honest survey of the Kansas City police department. It too consists of a series of scenes, or incidents. For this film, Wiseman spent six weeks riding in police cars, shooting a total of 45 hours of film. One of the most impressive scenes involves an officer who single-handedly arrests and dia disarms three would-be bandits. With Wiseman, we follow the officer into a clothing store where the manager points out three youths in the back of the store. The officer orders them to place their hands behind their heads, and as he searches them, we feel a slight shock as he uncovers two mammoth revolvers. After the arrests, back out in the patrol car, the officer lights a cigarette. His hand is trembling. Even policemen get scared.

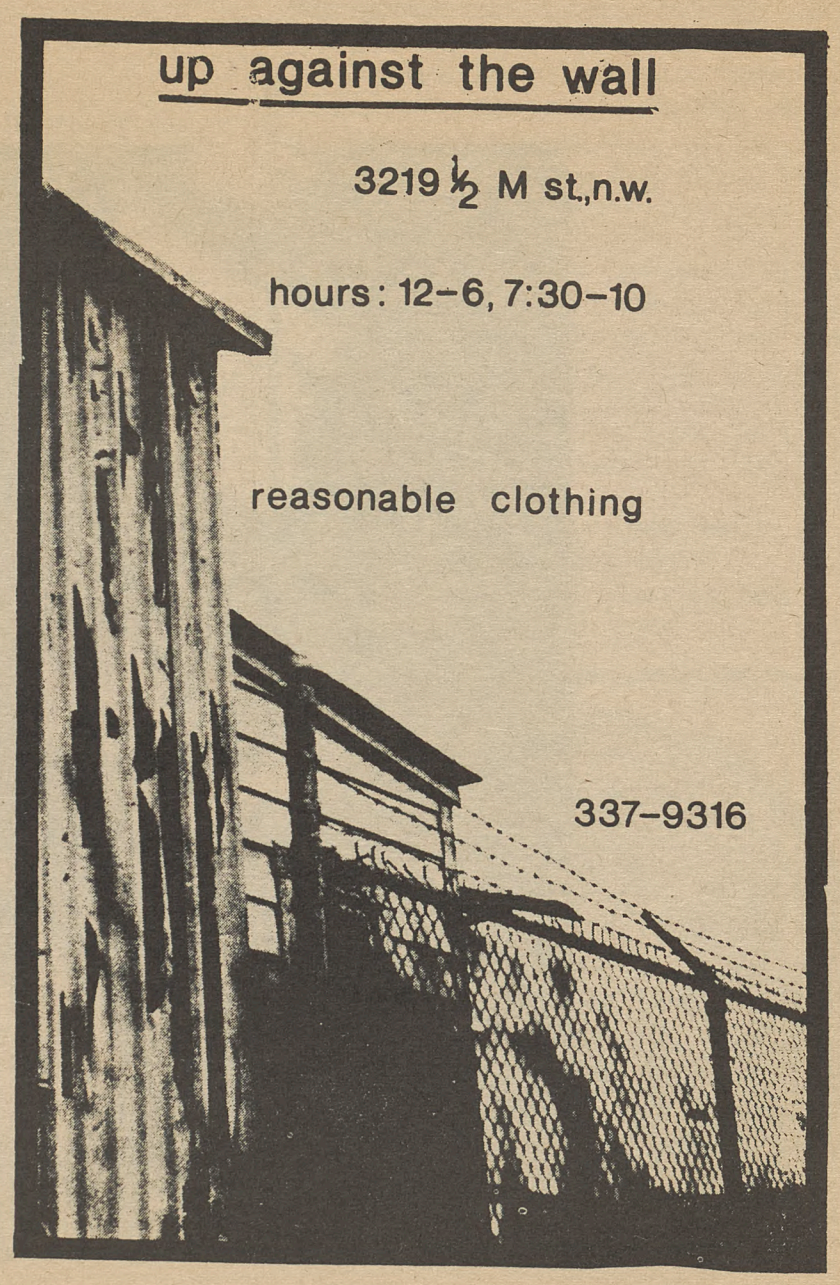
There are , of course, scenes that can enforce our negative concepts of the police. A morals officer manhandles a prostitute and the aggresive arresting officer is occasionally present. But we also see an officer caught between a feuding couple and legally helpless to interfere. We see an officer assume responsiblity for a lost black child. And we see officers griping about their low pay and the risks they must take.

Wiseman relates an incident in a magazine article: an officer leaving a routine call is suddenly shot at by two men: "The sudden way this routine call erupted into violence helped me to understand how an officer must feel on every call. Either conciously or not, he must realize that any call, no matter how seemingly routine, has the potential of turning into violence. This was a difficult thing for me to understand."

In the end that is one value of the film. For if it can shatter out misconceptions, then it can also lead to better police-community relations. Wiseman, again: "I wanted to make a film that would show how a policeman really spends his time, as op= posed to the view of the police on television serial programs. The fact that I should thinkthe policeman could have a different reaction than I in a trying and tense situation was only a measure of how much I accepted the cliches about the police."

In viewing both these films, let the audience react as a student being shown elemental truths by a master film-maker. If you have immovable illusions, you cannot benefit from these films. But if you can remain open, then they can be part of an incredible experience.

RH



the great desperation 1930's

"What the country needs is a good, big laugh. There seems to be a condition of hysteria. If someone could get off a good joke every ten days, I think our troubles would be over."

-Herbert Hoover

SIDNEY POLLACK's epic film, They Shoot Horses Don't They? now being shown at the Dupont Theatre is a grueling, tragic, funny documentary of American life style in the 1930's. Pollack takes the subject, a dance marathon from the years of the great depression, and makes it a contemporary critical comment on the impersonal-dehumanizing extravaganzas that become faddish within their times. The result of those times is a form of alienation that is induced within the marathon dancers, therefore causing an animal-like quality desparation within the lives and the hours of the innocent audience and the participants in the contest.

To support the alienation in Horses, Pollack has cast an ensemble of stereotype and innocent characters. Jane Fonda portrays a hard-core would-be actress who isn't making it in the films who has an internal hang-up in her relationships with men. Miss Fonda's character is strong, precise. She reacts, emotes with intensity. She communicates as her character would naturally. What is missing in her performance to complete the total cycle in creating a new life on film, is variety, or poetry within her actions and intentions. Instead of predominantly playing the intense angry woman, there could have been some visible gentleness or even vagueness in her Gloria.

Michael Sassazrin, Miss Fonda's dance partner, underplays, and by doing so he gives us the innocent contemporary who is a victim of the desparation. Thus, he becomes involved with the faddish circumstances and reacts. There is nothing extraordinary about his acting ability. His character limits him first of all in allowing Sassazrin to create levels of emotions. Most promising about his talents is his facial reactions. He listens and responds with ease and control, perhaps too much control.

Guest appearance by Mr. Red Buttons portraying a lively salty sailor is refreshing. Buttons' sailor is the believable parental image that must belong to something. For him the dance marathon keeps him alive, going. In his role he is the age-old "philosopher by experience," commenting on the generation-gap with ignorance and innocense not realizing that he is one of the Horses.

The man with the gun, the band, the strings who provides jokes every ten hours for the good of the people, for the good of the show is Gig Young. Young's "Elmer Gantry" marathon leader is exciting yelling at the top of his lungs, "Youser, youser, youser." There are brief moments catching Young waving his arms in spiritual essence, and resting on the microphone that are creative and original. Young slacks off from his opening energy level which is also for the good of the show, but in doing so it hinders instead of fueling more intensity in the film, and you find yourself watching the actor as a personality and not as the character.

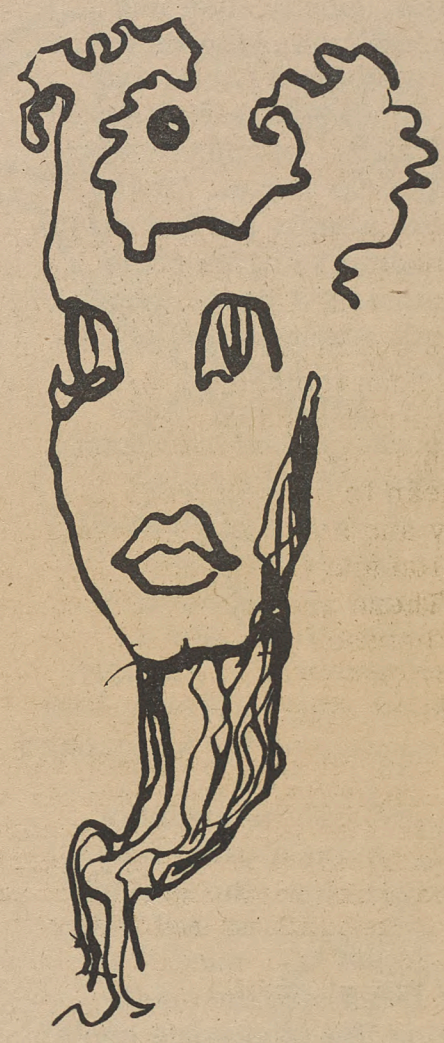
Nominees

Last years' Oscar for best actress was shared between Katharine Hepburn and Barbara Streisand. This year for supporting best actress, the award should go to both Susanna York and Bonnie Bedelia, an unknown to film goers. Susanna York who is in the standing for her role in Horses as supporting actress, has created an almost near perfect characterization. Her non-entity Jean Harlow is as a Hollywood puppet who provides laughter, pity, and fear. In Horses she is unnoticeable as herself. As the Harlow symbol, Miss York over acts, underplays, becomes intense, physically weeps, keeps you in waiting and becomes a role that is living, and real.

Miss Bonnie Bedelia is Ruby. As a young pregnant girl who faithfully follows her husband around the country riding boxcars, participating in dance marathons, and who knows what else, the communication of womanhood of the thirties becomes alive again. Miss Bedelia belongs in the ranks of professionalism.

Besides an excellent supporting cast, Sidney Pollack's directorial eye has captured with film a photographic example of intricate color and texture. He has combined in They Shoot Horses Don't They? a kaleidescope that is a visual experience composed with flashbacks, montages, flashforwards, stop action, slow motion, and editing that becomes an avant-garde portrait with emotions.

by Ernest Hawkins



Warlock's Wedding
Unisex Clothing and Head Shop

8567 Baltimore Avenue
College Park, Maryland 20740 345-7728

theater lobby

Now playing at Theatre Lobby, Thursdays through Sundays until early April, are two one-act plays directed by Frank Johns--Cowboys #2, an avant-garde, theatre of the absurd play by under-30 Sam Shepherd, and No Exit, the World War II vintage piece by existential writer, Jean-Paul Sartre.

Cowboys #2 is a physically demanding half hour of intense emotion and black humor, which is both difficult for the performer to execute and for an audience to fully appreciate. The intention of the playwright is to confront the viewer with an irrational juxtaposition of phrases and images, conveying natural man on the frontier suffering from the destruction of his once-beautiful environment ("Yep. Used to be lots of orange orchards around here, you know.")

Ernest Raye Hawkins and Denny Meyers are the play's two excellent principals whose word games jump back and forth from the youthful, earthy Chet and Stu, physically enjoying the countryside, to Mel and Clem, two lusty old men who are victimized by "civilization"--symbolized by vulture-like car horns. Both actors, with almost perfect precision, completely switch roles within a moment's time, demanding the full attention of a perhaps confused audience.

The play, happening "anyplace, anywhere," is not meant to be understood, but rather experienced. You find yourself laughing at incredibly crude situations such as, "You know Stu, we really stink," and a treatise on peacocks, "Fat ugly birds with no wings and over-long tails," representing the animalness in man.

There are also moments of beautifully communicated innocent, sensual, joy--the feel of rain; the gusty, loving and wallowing in "Kiss me, mud!;" a breath of fresh air; the soothing, cooling feel of dipping one's feet in a stream; and the mouth-watering contemplation of food. Yet abruptly interspersed between these moments are the cataclysmic interruptions which cause the conversion of youth to old-age and depravity.

A minor criticism of this generally, technically well-done production is that in spots the sound was not coordinated with the action on stage, weakening the dramatic effect of several sequences. This will most likely be corrected in future productions. Also, the already fast pace of the play might have moved more quickly in spots.

Ernest Hawkins and Denny Meyers both give believable performances, especially as the old men--from the inflection of their voices to the wrinkled, weathered faces and senile body movements. When they are fighting indians in the "Red Valley," you feel like you are watching an old western with your favorite, salty cowboy heroes.

No Exit, on the other hand, takes the viewer back in to the world of theatre which involves the playgoer on an intellectual and philosophical level. The plot takes place at the time of the German occupation of France in World WarII, with three main characters who are euphemistically "absent" from life, and who painfully discover that their damnation is not to be physical torture, but rather that their "hell is other people."

Danny Meyer gives another excellent performance as an experienced, stuffy, British valet, whose task is to usher the damned one-by-one into their permanent quarters. The setting is a room with three chairs, a statuette, letter opener and table, all seemingly put there with a pre-determined purpose, and a door, which is bolted from the outside.

Richard Blackburn plays Garcin, the first occupant of the room, who would like to believe that the great sin of his life as a Parisian Journalist was not due to his cowardice and collaboration with the enemy, but rather to the maltreatment of his loyal wife. Lacking in his characterization, however, was an interpretation of the role as a Frenchman. Instead, the dimension of his responses were limited to those of an American. The high point of his performance comes toward the end of the play when he has lost all of his defenses and believably, physically approaches his breaking point in fear and trembling.

His two roommates are Inez, a cruel, middle-aged lesbian, convincingly played by veteran actress Mimi Norton Salamanca, and Estelle, a vain, irresponsible lover of men, portrayed by Barbara Rappaport.

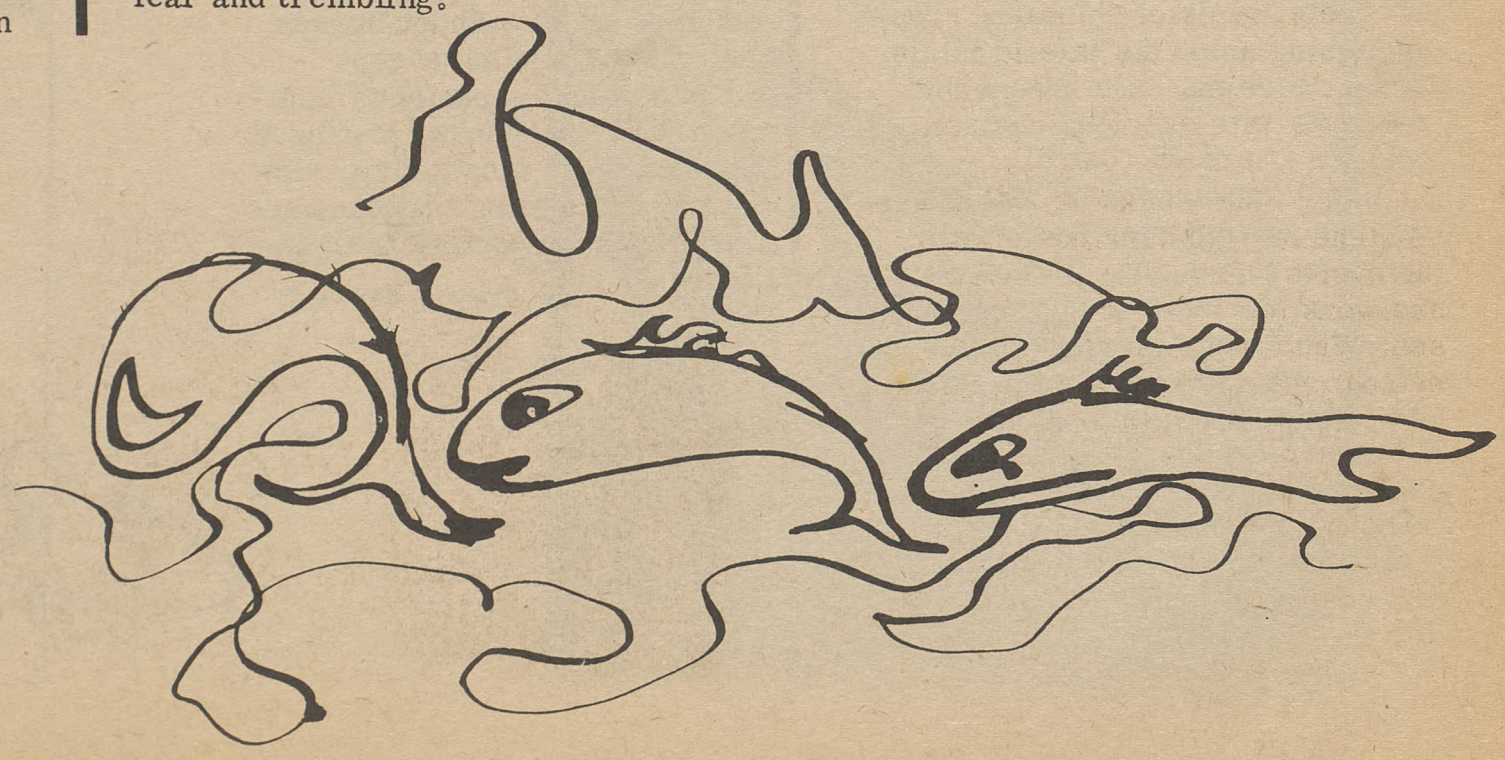
Soon a triangle develops between the three characters, each miserably desiring gratification from one of the participants at the expense of the other. Inez wants Estelle and is jealous of Garcin, who is the object of Estelle's affection; while Garcin needs Inez to tell him he is not a coward. The ensuing vicious interplay of jealousy, need, disgust and hate evolves into an unresolved stalemate, destined to last for an eternity.

Of the three players, Inez gives the most consistent, believalbe performance with her covetous glances at Estelle, vivid hate for Garcin and delivery of cutting and enticing phrases. Estelle has her best moments when her vanity is showing. However, there could have been more depth and growth into the desperation of her character.

Full appreciation of the play is somewhat hindered by the setting and blocking of the characters, which one realizes is difficult to accomplish in a theater-of-the-round situation. Despite these circumstances, one feels that he is seeing the backs of heads more often than is necessary.

Both plays are recommended for the viewer who wants to experience on both a physical and a mental level, plays which are relevant to the human condition.

Ruth Stenstrom



adventures in skin trade

Too often, a professional theater company will register with the public and then gradually sink into a complacent choice of material. In so doing, such a company rejects the foundations of its appeal, and ceases to function as an exciting cultural attraction.

This particular problem should never face the Washington Theater Club. At Theater Club, the sense of intimacy is coupled with the sense of adventure, and, while the results are not always successful, the intentions more than justify the occasional lapses. Theater Club is a shining light in the too often dark house of theater, and we must be thankful for their presence and their spirit. They are willing to take chances on new material and new people, and that is a rare sensitivity.

The case in point is the latest offering at the L Street Theater, a theatrical adaptation of Dylan Thomas' "Adventures in the Skin Trade", by Andrew Sinclair.

Adapting the verbal imagery of the poetic Thomas is an unenviable task to begin with. What Thomas suggested and left for us to define is now too narowly defined for us. We are therefore made to concentrate on the spirit of the play, and that spirit is one of discovery, of awareness, perhaps of reaching maturity. Sam Bennet is the young Dylan Thomas entering the city-arena with wide eyed innocence and faith. His fortune is to run into as eccentric a lot as ever one could. Mr. Allingham is the lovable con-man who collects things, or, more properly everything. He lives in a rest home for furniture, art pieces, and occasional feathered creatures.

This visual cacaphony is shared with Mrs. Dacey and her daughter Polly, whose hilarious and totally insanes world we are given priviledged glimpses of. There is also a gay Adonis and one character that defies all classification. Other minor characters fill out the scene.

Where the play lacks power is in its failure to assume a direction. The events that we watch are destructively funny, for they erode the character of the poet, harden him, make him too much the "serious artist". But the viewer tends to be caught up by the humor and becomes innatentive to the serious effects of the events. The endings of both acts are weak for specifically this reason. We sit through consistently funny routines and are then expected to be serious. It doesn't work.

But the play is full of delights. The major role of Sam Ben net is adequately brought to life by David Congdon. To breathe life into the image that was Thomas is a massive task, and Congdon does a fine job. Leonard Yorr , as Mr. Allingham is the physical embodiment of his character, a visual delight. But it is Bob Spencer (as the Adonis) and Marcia Wood (as the mad Polly) who steal the show, bringing incredible zest and believability to the insanity of their roles. Also registering in brief roles were Anne Lynn and Richard Fancy.

One of the major assets of the production are the settings, particularly the representation of Mr. Allingham's furniture cemetary. For this. James Parker has created a monstrosity that always looks as if it is going to fall apart.

The show, under the direction of Robert Darnell, is briskly paced. There are a multitude of gags and running lines, and the final impressions are of thourough enjoyment.

What should be remembered is that this is the play's first production in this area, so you can count on an evening of surprises. Its well worth it.

THE PAOLO SOLERI RETROSPECTIVE AT THE CORCORAN GALLERY OF ART

BY MARK LOEWINGER

is one of the most important exhibitions to appear in Washington in many years. Soleri is an ITALIAN realistic visionary who has spent his life coordinating the first extensive set of plans for the city structure to meet the needs of man's future population and the COMPLEXITIES OF EXISTANCE. The show displays extensive drawings of the proposed MESA-CITY, OCEAN-CITY, PLAINS-CITY, AND LAKES-CITY, with coordinated bridges and dams. Giant wood and plexiglas models show the megastructures rising out of the landscape into towering living and working environments for tens and hundreds of thousands. Soleri CHALLENGES technologists, architects, and ecologists to unite and become masters of environment and to live up to the term MAN.

IS Soleri a dreamer? Not anymore so than Columbus. His constitution is not to be thwarted. His ideas are not to minimized and he rightly ignores those who bow to ignorance and fear. Man is CAPABLE of this fine achievement. And he must be capable because he is demanding it of himself.

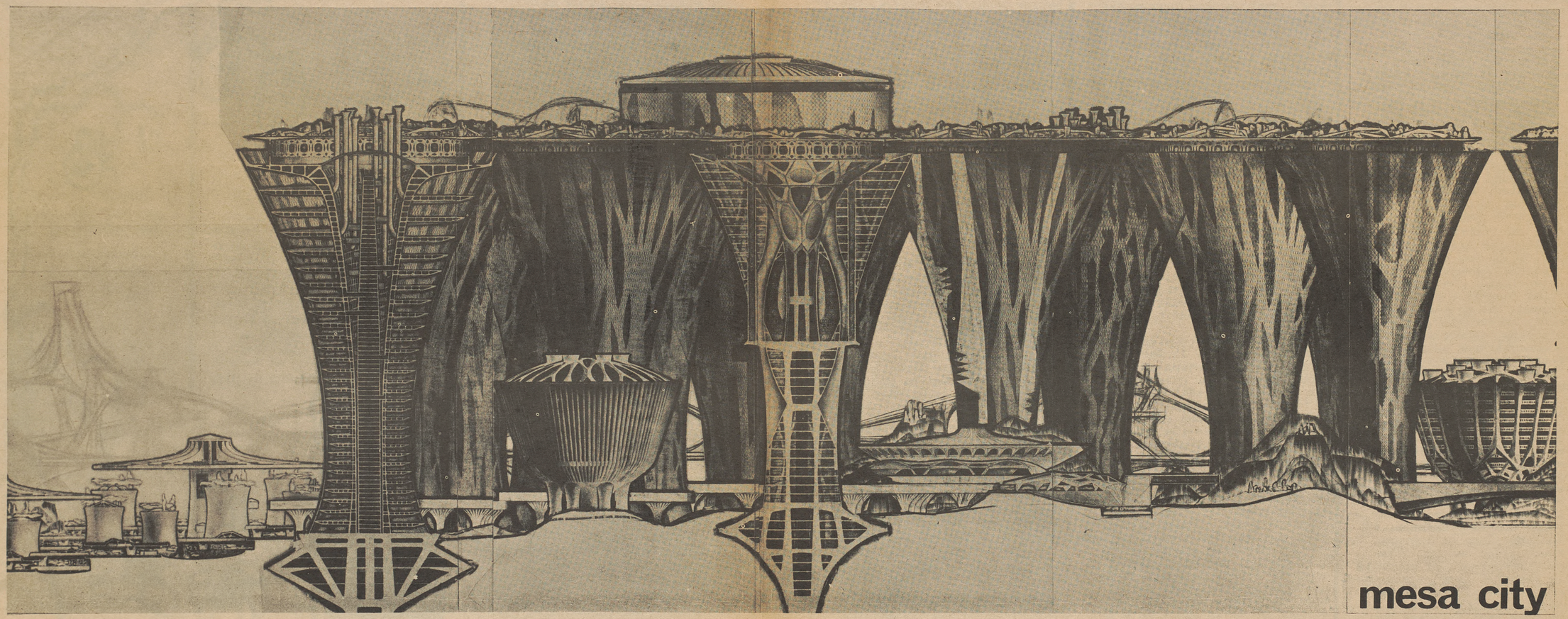
SOLERI has the necessary GALL to say that our cities have failed us; that WE HAVE MISUSED our technological knowledge and created a structure to live in that is already defunct. It is not even necessary to point to the manifest ills of and failures of New York, Tokyo and Chandigarh. We are already too aware. Soleri goes deeper to see the growth-decay syndrome that we have forced ourselves to live in. He brings man UP again from the earth and tells him to start again and really make use of KNOWLEDGE.

THE BEST THING about the Soleri show is that it is not a retrospective of a genius from the past at which one admires the brilliance of a past movement. The importance is the FUTURE. It is a retrospective that is a PERSPECTIVE, if you will, a FUTURE-SPECTIVE. Donald Wall, author of the exhibition's catalogue says "Paolo Soleri is the only architect living in America today who unreservedly uses the third dimension in the design of cities: moreso than any of his contemporaries, he fathered the idea that cities be designed as singular objects, not unlike a cup, a table or any other kind of artifact invented by man. in so doing, soleri brings modern urban theory in line, where it was faltering before this, with mankind's drive toward abstraction in visual form."

THE IMPACT of the Soleri exhibition is great. The graphics and models are exceptional. What is unfortunate is the organization and presentation of the material. Working within the inflexible confines of the Corcoran's galleries, those who laid out the exhibits failed considerably. One has only the vaguest idea of where to go after the introductory slide show. Progression becomes completely lacking. The viewer is constantly confronted with great work that is unfairly dumped into available rooms and mounted on available walls. Explanation is minimal, and confusing at best. The reoccuring question is what am I looking at and where does it fit in.

HOW is Soleri's city built? Doubtless the structures are BUILDABLE—concrete and steel, foams and plastics. Are there plans for service, water and transportation? Yes, but although one is conceptually diagrammed through a city module, one would like to see MORE of the exact TECHNOLOGICAL HOW.

QUOTE AND ILLUSTRATION COURTESY OF DONALD WALL EDUCATOR CONCERNED WITH ARCHITECTURE, CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY, AUTHOR OF BOXED CATALOGUE OF BOOK AND SCROLLS, AVAILABLE AT CORCORAN AT VERY SENSIBLE PRICE



mesa city

CONCRETE POETRY by
Stephen Allen Whealton

The Twentieth Century in the arts is a time of examining and re-examining. New approaches, syntheses, combinations, attitudes and philosophies are being developed and accepted. New materials dominate in some of the well-established art-forms, and the almost technological spirit of progress, change, and scientific experimentalism are to be found everywhere. Every possible way of doing things is being explored, and each resulting combination has its niche in the panoply of art and its adherents and practitioners as well.

Out of this melange and multiplicity has emerged a small number of patterns of practice which recur over and over as one looks at the whole of the fine arts. One of the most universal of these trends is a tendency of artists to make new ways of combining previously separate traditions and media to produce new ones. Music is being written now which relies for much of its effect upon the visual appearance of the score--thus combining music with the graphic arts. Theatre has annexed almost all of the other art-forms in some way or another, and each of the other art-forms have annexed a bit of theater along the way here and there as well. Poets have combined their efforts with several of the other arts; "sound poetry" is a combination of poetry and music, with the spoken or performed version assuming a major importance. Often, in sound poetry, words are fragmented, and what remains is syllables, sounds, inflections and theatrical gestures.

It is the combination of poetry with the graphic arts, however, which has created the most fruitful combined-art form yet established. This art form is called "concrete poetry" and it concerns the written form of poetry exclusively. Like sound poetry, concrete poetry often concentrates upon its non-poetic part to the point that words and semantic meaning become obscured. For example, some concrete poets deals exclusively with typographic designs, using letters and shapes without any words or verbal meanings of any kind. Others use letters as small elements of an almost pointillistic overall design.

The history of concrete poetry can be traced back as far as one's liberalized definitions can carry one--for example, if one includes fine calligraphy and handwriting and the like as early precursors of concrete poetry (because they stress the visual presentation of verbal information), then concrete poetry goes back at least as far as the first careful and artistic Cuneiform tablet-maker.

More obvious and relevant precursors in recent times include the Italian Futurist poet and theorist Marinetti; various typographic designers from William Morris in England to the Bauhaus in Germany to the present type-oriented concrete poets in Germany, Switzerland and Iceland. All these ancestors of concrete poetry have been cited by present-day practitioners as true antecedents of their work.

The geography of concrete poetry is equally interesting. From Switzerland to Brazil, back to Europe and taking flower in Germany and England and then moving to the United States of America, Japan, and even Iceland, concrete poetry is an artistic movement which still has a very unusual geographical distribution. Some countries important in the movement are predictable--the United States, for example. Other countries which have many creative artists working in a well-established substantial local movement include Brazil, Czechoslovakia, and Japan.

What are concrete poems like? What is the mood which they convey? What, if anything, do they accomplish? Why do people make them? Why do people like them? What various approaches, emphases, and styles exist? Purist theoreticians exist in the concrete poetry movement, as surely as they exist everywhere else. These critics and writers have made explanatory explorations into the purposes, significance, and various methods which characterize concrete poetry. Several factions have decided that only a few of the many approaches to concrete poetry are valid. The theoretical commentary is interesting, but not convincing.

Some concrete poems are very stark and simple, having only one basic idea: a placing of the letters of one word, perhaps, a pattern based on a single word with its letters repeated and formed into a shape which enhances one particular interpretation of the meaning of the word.

Some concrete poets carry the abstractive process in their poems to a point where words and verbal meanings no longer exist, and they are dealing with the shapes of letters themselves. Other poets make large and detailed pictures much like the kinds of child's novelty designs one can make with a typewriter using only "x's" and "o's."

Pastoral simplicity, lightheartedness, kindliness, and similar moods are common among concrete poets. These attitudes are not the prevailing ones in the mainstram poetry during this period, and this makes concrete poetry susceptible to essentially irrelevant criticism based upon the fact that so much of it is happy in a time when sad and pessimistic poetry is IN.

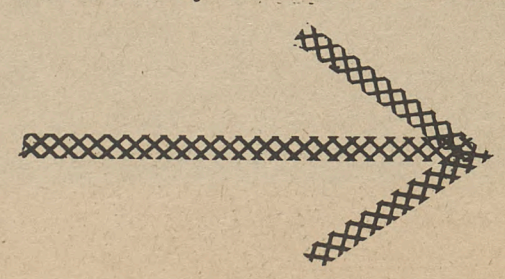
Emmett Williams is one of the leading American concrete poets. He has been active in sponsoring, editing and supervising the various production of the Something Else Press, a publisher which specializes in concrete poetry and other multi-media ventures. In the area of concrete poetry itself, he has edited one of the very best anthologies, written an entire book, and produced at least one small pamphlet. In addition, he has coordinated and edited the considerable efforts of the Something Else Press--first in Europe and now at the home office in New York City.

Dieter Rot and Hansjorg Mayer are among the typographer/poets whose work deals with letter-design as well as with spacing and layout. Ferdinand Kriwet is another designer whose typographic designs have been recognized both as concrete poetry and as musical scores.

Concrete poetrey can be seen as a precursor in itself. the future may bring into being poemovies, TVPoems, fold-o-poems, 3-D poems, semantic sculptures, and an unimaginable array of similar things. The world of painting has even begun to notice words and letters, their version of the marriage between painting and poetry being called "letterisme" and having its beginning in Paris. The theory and philosophy is strikingly different from any of those theories held by concrete poets, but the result is also a kind of marriage of painting and poetry.

Conventional poets are likely to dismiss both "letterisme" and concrete poetry because both of them de-emphasize the semantic importance of words in poetry. It seems likely, however, that both approaches to poetry can co-exist quite amicably in the future.

Concrete poetry anthologies are a good way to begin one's acquaince with the subject. There are three good ones: Emmett Williams' Anthology of Concrete Poetry, published by Something Else Press; Jean-Francois Bory's Once Again, published by New Directions, and Eugene Wildman's Anthology of Concretism, published by Swallow Press. Adding hardbacks, there are two other excellent anthologies: Stephen Bann's excellent but hard-to-find Concrete Poetry: an International Anthology, published by London Magazine Editions, and Mary Ellen Solt's beautiful and expensive Concrete Poetry: a World View, published by the University of Indiana Press.



GALLERY

JOHN CAGE'S PLEXIGRAMS AT THE LUNN GALLERY

by whealton

John Cage sculptor? John Cage concret poet? John Cage is still himself, trying very hard to remove himself from his esthetic career. Circumstances, Cage says, dictate which areas of artistic concentration he tackles from time to time. The I Ching, he adds, permits him to make sure that his own idiosyncrasies will not affect any of his actual artistic output. Cage, then, has been commissioned to do his plexigram project. It is not clear just how much of the definition of the final product was provided by the person who thought up the idea, and how much of the concept was Cage's. In any case, Cage's method of working and the outcome can be explained.

The I Ching, the ancient Chinese Book of Changes, uses a game of chance, based upon the number 64 to predict the mood of the future. Cage has adopted some of the numerical program outlined in the I Ching for his working procedure in virtually all his esthetic works. It gives him a time-honored method of removing himself from his artistic works. Any number, Cage says, can be related to 64. Two, as a number, can be related to 64 by setting each odd number from 1 to 63 arbitrarily "equal" to one, and each even number from 2 to 64 arbitrarily "equal" to two. The 32 odd numbers provide the "ones," and the 32 even numbers provide the "two's." This is Cage's way of relating two to 64. Three, four, five, and all other numbers can be related to 64. If you want to relate 64 to a number larger than it, you divide 64 into the larger number rather than dividing the smaller number (such as two) into 64. Is that clear?

Working with any whole number in this way, Cage makes his plexigrams by asking a series of questions. First, he uses it to select a dictionary. Then, he uses it to select a page, then a word, then a letter. Then, an amount of the word or letter to be included in the plexigram. Other questions which Cage submits to his I Ching question answering service include the color (black or white) of the letters to be used, the place on the plastic pane where the fragment will go, and which of the eight plastic panes the word fragment will appear upon.

The result is an affair looking a little bit like a clear plastic long-playing record rack, with 8 clear panes fitted at intervals between a front and back pane of polarized plexiglas which have no letters upon them. Looking from the top, one can see each individual pane, though it is hard to make out any one word. The typography and size of letters seems also to have been subject to I Ching-ing. Looking at the thing end-on, one can see all the panes at once. The "mood" of the plexigram is quite in keeping with the most up-to-date styles of pop sculpture or minimal art, two art movements which John Cage's influence did much to begin.

The Lunn Gallery, at 3234 P Street, N. W., has one of eight plexigrams now on display. Eventually they will have all eight of Cage's plexigrams and to similarly-devised lithographs on exhibit and on sale. Their telephone number, for more information, is 338-5792.

John Guernsey

Other concrete poetry books include two by Aram Saroyan published by Simon and Shuster: Pages and Aram Saroyan. These are paperback, but unessential except for completists. Much better is Ronald Gross's Pop Poems, also by Simon and Shuster. This is one of my very favorites. Something Else Press features a whole line of Great Bear Pamphlets, many of which are concrete poetry or relevant to it. They are small in size and are no bargain at $.75 to $1.50, but a few of them are worth it. Also, the Something Else Press has two paperbacks of some interest. First, there is Emmett Williams' "kinetic" concrete poem book, named sweethearts, which is meant to be flipped through. The letters in "S W E E T H E A R T S" move about on the page as you flip. The other book is Eugen Gomringer's The Book of Hours and Constellations, a very pure and exhaustive book.

RENAISSANCE

RENAISSANCE a review
by John Zambetti

Last Wednesday at Emergency I took in Renaissance, one of England's newest groups. Its list of personnel reads like an old Shindig lineup. Keith Relf, Jim McCarty, and producer Paul Samwell-Smith were with the Yardbirds and pianist John Hawken was with the Nashville Teens. The other members are bassist Louis Cennamo and vocalist Jane Relf, who is Keith's sister.

With a background like this you would expect the hardest of sounds, but instead you get a pleasant surprise. Renaissance is a group of sensitive, intelligent people who are deeply rooted in classical music and have decided to find it a contemporary place, tastefully. Drummer McCarty says, "We try to function as a group with no special lead performers. Up until now when people went to a concert they were usually going to see a particular guitarist or drummer rather than the group itself."

Keith Relf, who plays guitar and mouth harp, spoke of how this factor led to the downfall of the Yardbirds. "Things just weren't the same after Eric (Clapton) left. When people came to see us play they were expecting Jimmy (Page) or Jeff (Beck) to do the riffs which Eric had done on the records and it just didn't happen that way."

The sound of Renaissance is not one which can easily be compared to other groups who have used classical backgrounds in their compositions. Probably the closest group to them musically is the Nice, but there are substantial differences between them which insure the uniqueness of Renaissance. Particularly interesting is the way bassist

Cennamo works off the piano rather then off the drums as most bassists do. His distinctive style is best appreciated in Kings and Queens and Bullet. He never tries to make his bass sound like an acoustic bass as does the Nice bassist, who often uses a bow to get a sort of cello sound. Cennamo is stylistically electric on the album and even more so in person where he utilized fuzz bass in order to take advantage of its sustaining power to tie passages together. McCarty's drumming style is far removed from the jazz orientation of the Nice's drummer. In Jim's own words, "I've always been sort of a heavy (in the original sense of the word) drummer," and "It's very challenging to try and play drums to classical music, there isn't much you can copy." In live performance, Jim manages to maintain his rock heritage without inundating the band, which is no easy task. The album Bullet best exhibits his talents.

As pianist, John Hawken lends the true classical flavor to the group. His talent lies in the interweaving of classical passages within and between songs. He openly admits that some passages are presented exactly as the original composer wrote them. This is the case with the passage from Beethoven which John plays between Island and Wanderer. John claims, "It is almost impossible to do anything in classical music which is completely your own."

John's point is especially clear in his passage at the end of Innocence. When you first hear it you are reminded of Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata, but then you realize that it is not it exactly. When the group first got together to arrange Innocence, they reached a point where a piano passage was needed, so John played one which fit in smoothly. Later on people said it reminded them of Moonlight Sonata. So what? John's artistry is much like a modern day sculptor's, who takes objects which have acquired an identity of their own and places them in a new setting to create a new meaning.

Jane Relf presents something different in a feminine voice--a feminine voice (no offense to Janis and Bonnie fans.) Her innocent, lyrical quality lacks training but is beautiful in its inexperience, as so few things are nowadays (social commentary.) Jane frequently forgoes the use of lyrics and uses her voice as another instrument. This is best seen in the Beethoven passage at the end of Island.

Keith Relf is the group's only guitarist and is committed to the policy of no lead instruments. He is almost paranoid when he talks about the Yardbirds and it is clear he won't make the same mistakes with Renaissance. In the live version of Kings and Queens, Keith does a short solo which utilizes a feedback segment which is well controlled. He obviously has picked up a good deal of knowledge from his association with Clapton, Beck and Page.

Their will be another Renaissance album following their tour of the U.S. John says that they are not planning any orchestration on upcoming albums, as seen in some of the other English groups, like Moddy Blues and King Crimson. Renaissance is very interested in being able to reproduce their album work with the precision of the Band. Orchestration would mean the use of a mellotron in live performance and John would rather be free to play the piano.

See Renaissance if you get the chance and definitely get their album. It's one of those albums you'll want to play to your children when they ask you what you used to listen to.

John Zambetti

Photos by David Watt

CRANK

Its never easy being the first group on at a rock concert. Half the people in the audience are still finding a place to sit and the other half are impatient to see the main group they paid for. It doesn't make it any easier when the MC announces that the main group isn't going to show. Such was the introduction into show business for Crank last Saturday night, and they pulled it off perfectly.

Crank is the latest in a surge of Washington area groups, and one of the few which shows real promise. Its uniqueness lies in its ability to successfully fuse jazz and hard rock, a feat which is talked about but is rarely accomplished. Crank has a musician named Bless. He plays sax, soprano sax, and flute and isn't content to play just one of these per song . Switching from instrument to instument he compliments guitarist Jeff's leads and the vocals of Guy Bokoles. This description immediately brings to mind Jethro Tull, but Bless' versatility makes the difference. The driving rythm of the group is the work of John Castle on bass and Guy Gengras on drums. Guy utilizes a double set of drums without trying to steal the stage from the rest of the group. His constant use of all the components of his set make him a true percussionist. John's bass work adds a powerful dimension to the group which , like all bass work, isn't noticed unless you look for it. The fusion of these lead and rythm units comprises the music of Crank. Their sets are a combination of original material and other groups' material done in Crankstyle. Their version of Mountain's "Long Red" begins with Bless doing the organ riffs on flute accompanied by Jeff's flat-picking on guitar. As the verse begins, the rythm section comes in and Bless switches to sax. We are carried though the song forcefully only to be realeased by Bless's return to the flute and fading out. The group's true spirit is best seen through their originals such as "Love Me the Way You Used To". This group lives together and it is obvious in the ease and precision with which it makes transitions within the song. A switch from 4/4 time to 3/4 time within a break is pulled off so smoothly that it almost goes unnoticed.

The only weak point in the group, if you want to call it that, is that it sometimes appears over-professional in its dealings with the audience. They have an excellent communicator in Bless and if they just let him handle the verbal interchanges with the audience they should be allright. Crank is at Emergency all this week and shouldn't be missed.

John Zambetti

dont try to hold him back
because now the Elysian Fields
has at 3223 m st
in Georgetown

HOBART, LA. BAND UNIFORMS
ELEPHANT BEANS
14,000,000,000,000,000,000 BEADS
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STAINED GLASS
OPEN 12 AM - 12 PM Every day

Records

AHEAD RINGS OUT/BLODWYN PIG by Steve Shultz

During some point between August '68 and August '69, Mike Abrahams discontinued his musical association with Jethro Tull and went on to form a fresh new group, Blodwyn Pig.

On the A&M label, there now exists Ahead Rings Out, the recorded music and style of Blodwyn Pig. Their personal style and technique is possibly this group's most unique attribute. In general, each work on this album has a metallic quality, in that, when describing the majority of the pieces, adjectives such as brazen or possibly shiny could be easily used. This quality could be considered due to the addition of Jack Lancaster, playing the naturally brassy saxophones, but then I personally think it happens a bit deeper, because this quality is sustained, even in the pieces that use the saxophones to a lesser degree or not at all. Possibly it occurs because of a mutual conscious or subconscious direction toward this sound or possibly because of chance--in reality, it matters not why it happens; the importance lies in the plain fact that it does happen.

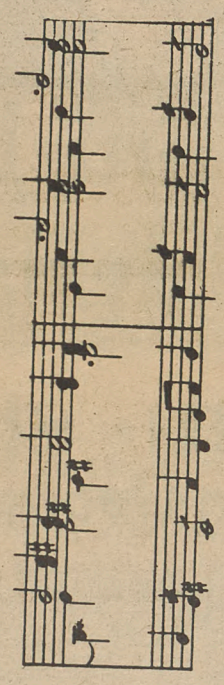
The first cut, "It's Only Love," is the prime example of this tonal quality being both extremely brazen and extremely shiny. In addition to the percussionist, bassist, (there isn't any written mention of either on the album cover), and Abrahams on guitar, Lancaster over-dubs himself playing a soprano, baritone and two tenor saxophones, "thus creating the overall effect of a small brass section." The most curious section of this fast moving, boistrous piece is certainly the song in which Lancaster plays a soprano and tenor sax simultaneously, without employing any over-dubbing.

Written while "in a very cynical frame of mind," "Walk on Water," contains some very bitter lyrics against those, then and now, who persecuted Jesus Christ. I don't feel that the sardonic message was directed solely toward the Jewish, but rather toward those Jews and Christians who, today, take God (in whatever form) for granted. If this isn't the case, then it could be Blodwyn Pigs's answer to Spirit's "Jewish." Musically, "Walk On Water" is the epitome of all of the works on this recording, illustrating their affinity toward polar dynamics, be it loud and soft, or intense and mild.

"Summer Day" is a nice and heavy blues rift with a rhythm and feeling that makes me want to slick my hair back and step on the first flower freak I see.

Jazz seems to be a major concern in the music of Blodwyn Pig, the last pieces on each half of the album, "The Modern Alchemist" and "Ain't Ya Coming Home?", illustrating this the best. "Ain't Ya Coming Home is more of a hard rock-jazz type work, while the instrumental, "The Modern Alchemist," is without question, pure contemporary jazz with a short theme that introduces and ends the piece but is ignored for a more or less random form, in between.

Mellow, but still metallic, "Dear Jill" employs a seven-string slide guitar, flute and solo by a sweetly oozing soprano sax. A smooth blues piece, containing the usual blues lyrics of the customary blues subject--love, "Dear Jill" and the light, breezy, folk piece "Change Song," along with 51 seconds of "Backwash," provide tranquil moments within a thrilling turbulent ride.

Spiced with a bit of humor, most of it on the record cover, Ahead Rings Out is certainly a refreshing album by a young, but surprisingly polished group.

"It took God six days to create a perfect world. On the seventh day, he rested. That was a big mistake. For on the seventh day, we took over."

So begins an interesting amalgamem of reality and fiction, titled "The Seventh Day." The album mixes tapes of some recent tragedies and intersperses the tapes with message songs. In general, the songs don't work too well, but the power of the tapes on our memories is heavy.

The first protracted scene is the telling of the final preparations and flight of the Enola Gay, the bomber that destroyed Hiroshima. The pilot casually relates weather situations and flight patterns on the approach, and as the bomb drops, we become aware of children singing, their song suddenly silenced.

There follow several less effective motifs, specifically on the pacifist soldier and the liberated blackman. Certain banal lyrics don't help these sections.

The second side is titles "they call me the gun". For some reason, the lyrics here are also banal, but they work. What is incredibly effective is the pastiche of American tragedy---for we are the silent witness to the deaths of JFK and Oswald, of RFK and Rev. King. And we hear the empty talk of gun control, and we are sad, for there is no change. Almost as a postlude, a song appears with these lyrics:"We don't want to live where your shadows have been/we're gonna move your doubts and let the sun shine in/yesterday is gone, let tomorrow begin/we will sing our song around the world/we'll sing until we've won/a new dawn has begun/ we will sing the dreams of everyman/ for the song is mightier than the gun." Maybe.

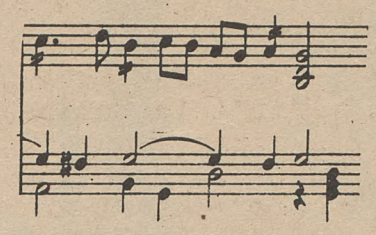
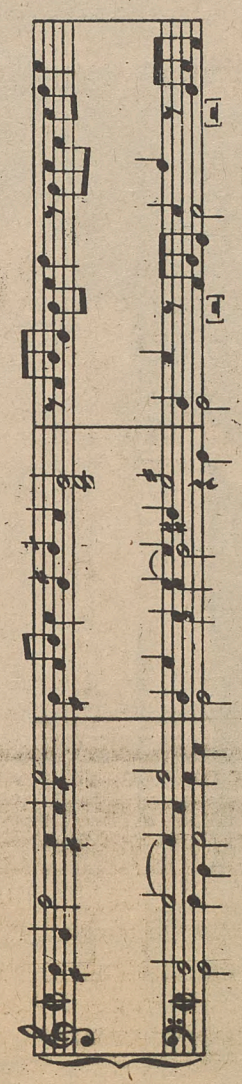
STARTING FRIDAY FEBRUARY 20
two films by Frederick Wiseman
law&order (emmy award)
"best documentary of year" Newsweek high school
"two of the most urgent & socially significant american documentaries of the decade" Gary Arnold, POST
thru 18th "Life Love Death" – Lelouch
the BIOGRAPH
2819 M St. N.W., Georgetown
FE 3-2696
DISCOUNT PARKING, 3053 M ST., N.W.
Perf. at 6, 7:30, 9, 10:30

Notes & Counternotes

Jennifer is a former member of the cast of "Hair". In her first solo album, she has chosen a varied lot of songs, and manages to sound tremendous on all of them. There are honors paid to "Hair" through "Let the Sun Shine In" and "Easy to be Hard". The latter song is abittersweet ballad, a mood often repeated on the album.

Accompanied by Mason Williams on guitar, she delivers a sensitive "Saturday Night at the World". The song is a perfect showcase for her gentle voice and clear phrasing. The next number, "Time is On the Run" is a cappella, though multi-tracked. It sounds curiously like a child's song, but its lyrics denote a mature awareness.

Jacques Brel's "Old Folks" is reflection through song at its best. Brel's eye is that of the compassionate poet, and Jennifer does well with his vision. "We're Not Gonna Take It" from "Tommy", and "Tom Thumb Blues" lead to Mick Jagger's "Back Street Girl", which Jennifer does in a folkish mood that succeds incredibly. Finally, "Cajun Train" is a country-flavored number that only adds to our awe at this girl's versatility. This is a lovely album to listen to.

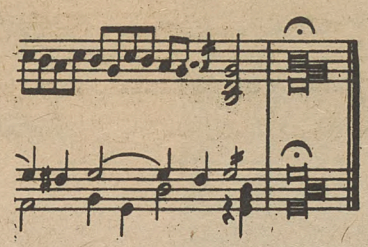


Erik Satie is currently enjoying a new popularity, partially due to an homage paid to him by Blood, Sweat and Tears. There are new Satie albums appearing all the time, and one of the best is The Velvet Gentleman :the Music of Erik Satie by the Camarata Contemporary Chamber Group.

The first side contains Satie's best known piece, "Trois Gymnopedies", one of the loveliest compositions ever. All three movements contain a little tenderness and the subtly haunting air of memories; this is the kind of music one has in dreams of childhood places and forgotten times.

"Heures Seculaires at Instantanees" is a strange brew of modern classicism and avant-garde sounds. The shortness of this piece and of many others on the album is the one shortcoming, for just as webecome entranced with a piece, it is over. For that reason, our appreciation and humor are never satiated by the short pieces. The only other extended piece, "Trois Gnossiene" does register, because of its length as well as its content.

Music that soothes is all to rare these days, so we return to the past. With Satie, that realxed state of sound is at its zenith, a subtle blend of gentleness and humor. Honor that beauty by your listening.

THE BYRDS
tractor
march 7 1970
T.C Williams HS Auditorium Alex Va
2 shows - 7 & 10 p.m $4
all seats reserved
tickets on sale at Hang Ups · Maximus
Spider s Web Sixth Sense Empire
Music · a lester grossman production

Stone the Crows is a British quintet whose first album is at best uneven. Neither Maggie Bell, lead singer, or Jim Dewar have outstanding voices, though luckily their arrangements make up for this deficiency. For instance, in "Touch Your Loving Hand" and "Raining n' Your Heart" the band manages to create a strong rythm and in so doing appeals to our sense of motion rather than to our melodic tendencies.

The best work on the album is an unamplified version of an old Josh White blues, "Blind Man". Les Harvey's guitar work is stunning, superb, deserving of the best that can be said about it.

The flip side, titled "I Saw America" opens very strongly, but the promise is unfullfilled. Basically structured like Steve Miller's "Children of the Future", the songs lack a strong thematic unity, and blaze no new trails. This does not deny their listenability; but if you are looking for a new super-group, this is not it.

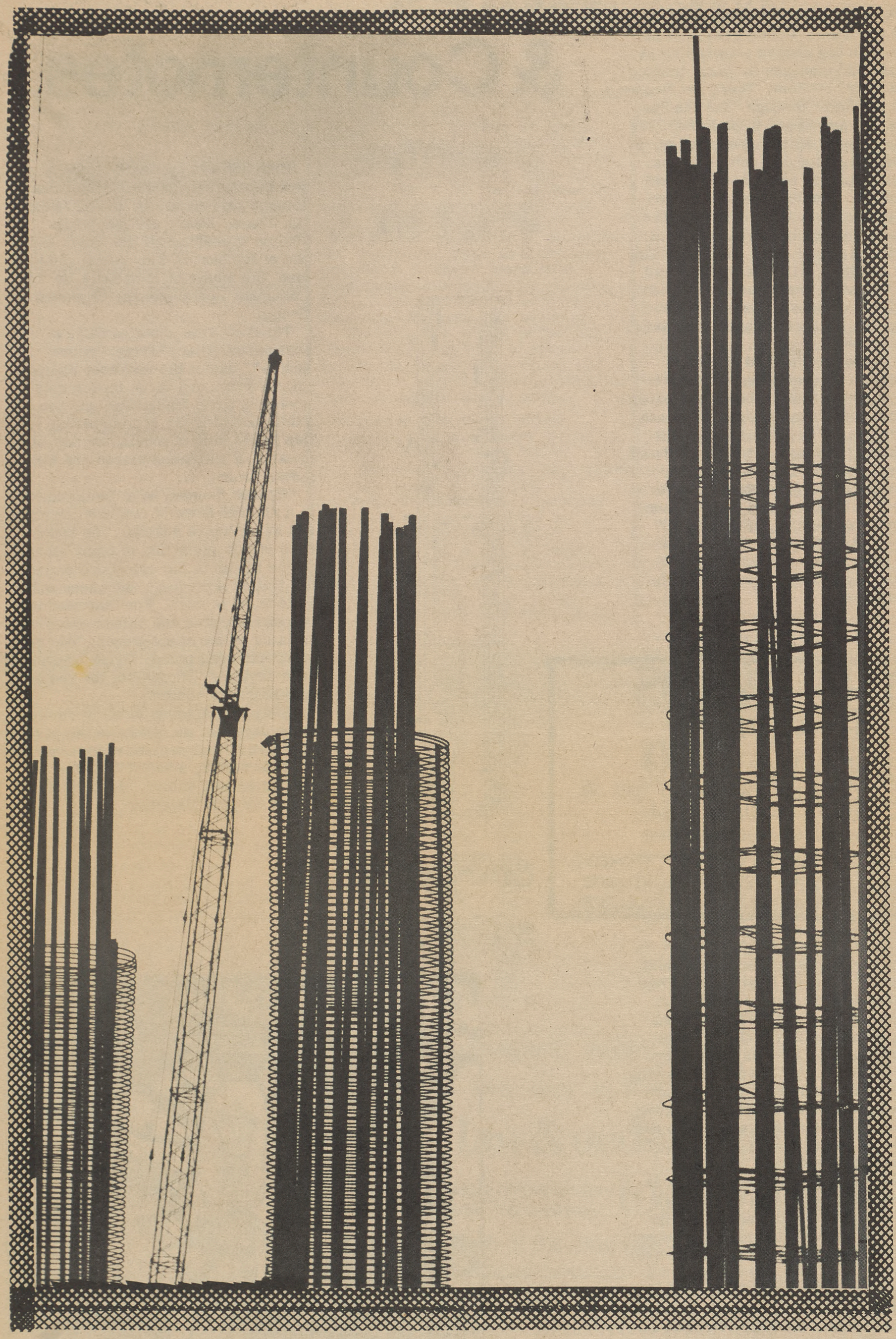


Photo by David Watt

Photo by David Watt

not only can, but must replace work activities. If the human race is to survive the boredom of its own outmoding of human effort and labor in the daily process of keeping the world going, something must be done.

So the arts will help us solve our problems on this shrinking and more-jobless planet. Things will be very different if this happens. People will do art, talk about it, and live everyday average lives; but overall, things will be just a little bit better.

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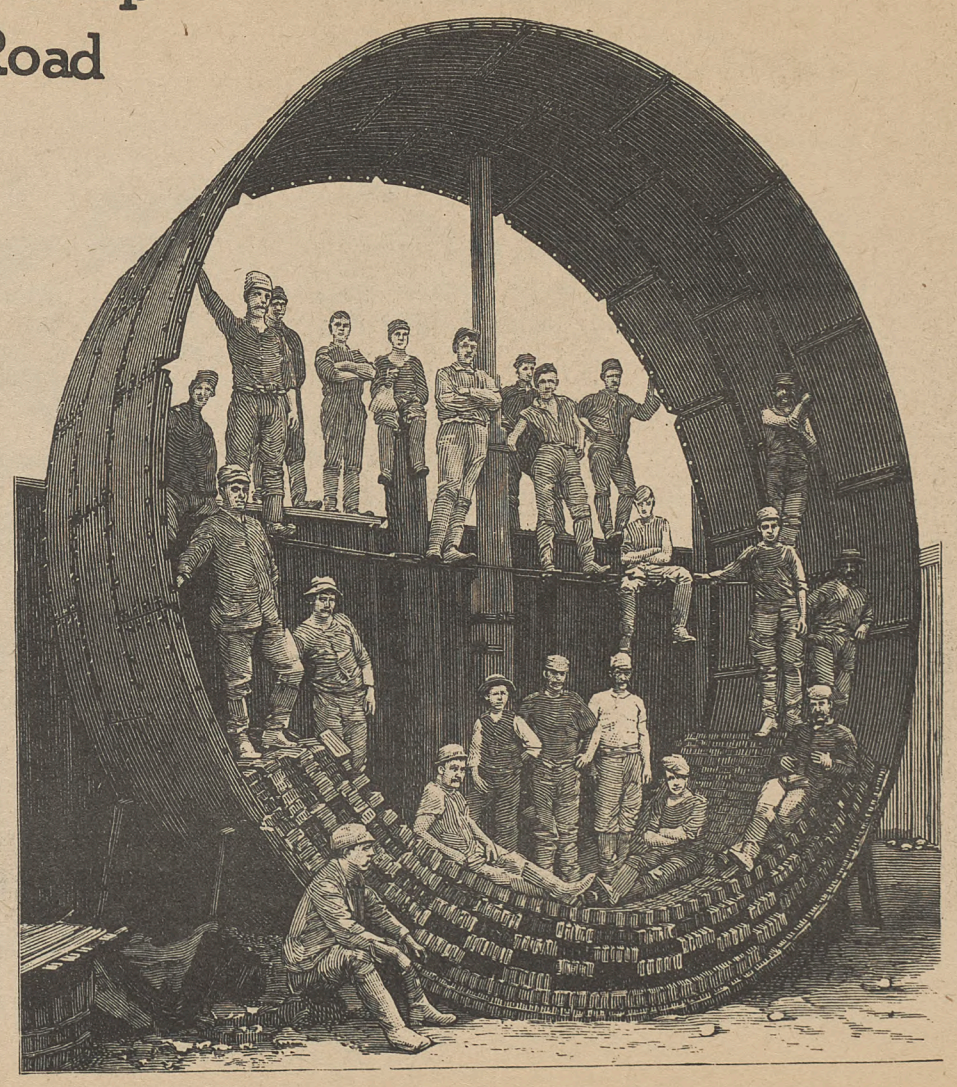

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Your article, short story, poetry, artwork, photography, etc., should be in this space. Why not fill in this page and submit your work TODAY? Send it with a SASE to:

WOODWIND

5123 MacArthur Blvd., N.W., Wash., D.C.

CALEN-DAR

Tuesday, March 3
8:30PM-Concert-National Symphony, with David Bar-Illan, piano, Constitution Hall

Wednesday, March 4
2PM-Concert-National Symphony Youth Concert, Constitution Hall
8:30PM-Concert-National Symphony(see Tuesday)
8PM-New Thing Jazz Workshop, at St, Margaret's, Conn. &Bancroft

Friday, March 6
8PM-Recital-Opera Society of Washington, La Boheme, Lisner
8PM-Concert-National Symphony (see Tuesday)
8PM-Opening-"The Bacchae" Catholic U. (call 529-6000)
8PM-Hexagon Club, "Over the Edge" at Trinity Theater(836-3433)
8:30PM-Navy Band, Departmental auditorium
8:30=Concert-Conjunto de Musica Antigua de Chile, Coolidge Aud. Library of Congress
8:30 PM-Back Alley Theater, poetry and music(723-3040)
9PM-Coffehouses
Iguana-14th and N St. NW
Stone;s Throw-22nd & P, NW
Coffe Gate, 20th & G, NW
Midnight- undergrounf films at the Circle and the Janus, call for programs

Saturday, March 7
7PM-The Byrds and Tractor, at TCWilliams HS
8PM-Jose Feliciano, at U of Md.
9PM- coffehouses, see Friday
8:30-Concert, Julian Bream, on guitar, Lisner
10PM-Byrds & Tracor (see 7PM)
midnight- films (see Friday)

Sunday, March 8
3PM- Sherril Milnes, baritone, in concert at Lisner
7:30-"Curlew River" by Benjamin Britten at Church of the Ascension, 12th & Mass. NW

Tuesday, March 10
8PM-New Thing Jazz Worshop, see march 4
8:30PM-Concert-National Symphony, Zino Francesatti, violin, Constitution Hall

Wednesday, March 11
THE CIRCUS IS IN TOWN
8:30-Concert, see Tuesday

Thursday, March 12
CIRCUS IS STILL HERE
8:30 -Play, "Owner of the Keys", Milan Kundera, AU Theater(call 244-6333)

FRIDAY THE 13th
Guess WHAT is in Town?
8:30PM- Play, see Thursday
8:30PM -National Ballet, in Giselle, with Edward Villella, at Lisner
9PM-coffehouses, see last Friday
midnight- films(same)

Saturday, March 14
STILL HERE, THE CIRCUS IS
2PM-National Ballet(see Friday)
2:30PM-Montgomery Ballet Co., Snow White, Rickville HS
3PM-Princeton Chamber Orchestra, Natural History, 10th & Const.
8:30-The Concept, Natural History audotrium
8:30-Nat. Symphony(see Thursday)
8:30PM-National Ballet(see 2PM)
9PM-coffehouses (see last Friday)
midnight-films, see same

Sunday, March 15
IT'S STILL HERE
2:30PM Snow White(see Sat.)
3PM-Arlington Symphony Orchestra Washington-Lee HS, Arl.
8PM-Peter, Paul & Mary at Constitution Hall
8:30PM-Ballet, Giselle, see Friday
8:30-The Concept, see Saturday

Monday, March 16
CIRCUSCIRCUSCIRCUSCIRCUS
3PM-Michelangeli, pianist, at Constitution Hall
7:30PM-Theodore Bikel, at the Washington Hebrew Congregation, Mass. § Macomb, NW
8PM-The Clancy Brothers, Lisner
8:30PM-Peter, Paul & Mary(see Sunday)

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BUDDY GUY
MAR. 9-14

QUILL from Woodstock
MAR. 16-24

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